

About Annexation.

There is a lavish indulgence in speculation by the press of the country, just now, upon the subject of the annexation of several of the northern provinces of Mexico to the United States. Some writers profess to be thoroughly conversant with the true inwardness of the whole enterprise, and abound in incidents confirmatory of their views. But, when sifted down to the "hard pan" of facts, they can not be said to contain much richness.

Some of these rather flimsy stories are evidently given in order to open the flood-gates of denunciation upon the Southern Pacific railroad enterprise, assuming a direct connection between the two propositions. But we have failed as yet to discover the slightest relation between these matters, even on the supposition that the stories about the details of annexation are all true. And our present belief is that they are almost entirely untrue.

That there are speculators and restless men who would move strongly for some such project, on the basis of a clamor for indemnity from Mexico for the depredations committed by her guerrillas on our Texan frontier, is most likely. But annexation does not follow because of this selfish and unauthorized clamor. We all know that the transfer of such an immense area of Mexican territory, as is spoken of, could not be made without the most serious consideration by both Governments. The universal repugnance of the Mexican people to the alienation, by treaty or otherwise, of any portion of their soil is also perfectly well known. And to suppose that such a transfer would be made by their rulers without the sanction of their Congress, is plainly absurd; and that it could be obtained from their Congress upon any terms whatever, is in the highest degree improbable.

Nor do we believe that our Government has any idea of inaugurating a war for conquest of Mexican territory, as the relations of the two Governments now stand. Our Congress as well as the Mexican Congress must be made parties to any movement for annexation. Our Senate is Republican, and the House is Democratic. It is not at all likely, without the highest degree of provocation that Mexico could inflict, that those two bodies would unite upon a declaration of war. We have seen enough of war to satisfy this generation at least. And we do not believe that, without war, annexation is possible.

Our Dr. Vaughan.

If our city had the honor of producing some renowned negro minstrel, or some inimitable eel-dancer, or some political harlequin or acrobat, the world would specially know of it by an unstinted flourish of trumpets, compared with which the resonance of the rams' horns before Jericho would be nothing more than a Jew-harp to the orchestra of Gilmore's Boston Jubilee. And yet Cincinnati is the home of one of the profoundest scholars in physical and mathematical science known to the present generation of men; and Cincinnati herself scarcely knows the fact.

Our Dr. VAUGHAN is a most remarkable exemplification of the Biblical proverb that the most gifted man, the philosopher as well as the prophet, is not without honor, save in his own country. To the learned men of Europe, "Dr. Vaughan of Cincinnati" is quoted as a familiar and an honored name. And yet to Cincinnati Dr. Vaughan is almost a stranger. Vast and varied as is his learning, voluminous and instructive as are his writings, indefatigable and wide-reaching as are his scientific researches, his extreme modesty, amounting indeed to diffidence, stands as the only impediment in the way of his becoming one of the most conspicuous characters of the age. But recently, he gave, in this city, a series of lectures upon scientific subjects, replete with learning and well adapted to please and instruct a popular audience, and yet the number of his hearers did not equal a tithe of the numbers that crowded to listen to the burlesque tropes of Theodore Tilton's bombastic platitudes.

As a specimen of Dr. Vaughan's exactness of scientific investigation and his rigid intellectual discipline, we quote below from a paper communicated by him to the British Association, upon the subject of solar illumination, in which the magnitude of his numbers seems to outrun even the limitless scope of arithmetical enumeration. Dr. Vaughan says:—

"From a comparison of the relative intensity of solar, lunar, and artificial light, as determined by Euler and Wollaston, it appears that the rays of the sun have an illuminating power equal to that of 14,000 candles at a distance of one foot, or of 3,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 candles at a distance of 95,000,000 miles. It follows that the amount of light which flows from the solar orb could be scarcely produced by the daily combustion of 200 globes of tallow, each equal to the earth in magnitude. A sphere of combustible matter much larger than the sun itself would be consumed every ten years in maintaining its wonderful brilliancy; and its atmosphere, if pure oxygen, would be expended before a few days in supporting so great a conflagration. An illumination on so vast a scale could be kept up only by the inexhaustible magazine of other disseminated through space, and ever ready to manifest its luciferous properties on large spheres, whose attraction renders it sufficiently dense for the play of chemical affinity."

In all that we have said, we entirely

disclaim any purpose of flattery of Dr. Vaughan. Indeed, to any one who knows him, it would be known that flattery of him would be impossible. We might as well undertake to flatter a mathematical axiom. But, we would have justice done by Cincinnati to one of her own citizens so eminent in the scientific world, and yet too modest to trumpet his own well deserved fame.

It is rumored that "the Babcock," not the "extinguisher," but the distinguished, is about to be extinguished. He very meekly denied any participation in the St. Louis crookedness, and vehemently demanded investigation by a hearing on the trial of some other men, just in time to be too late to hear him. The probabilities now are that Mr. Bab. will have a case all to himself, wherein he will have to make a "true deliverance" of himself, or do worse,—go where the McDonald twined. Meanwhile, it is said, that he has lost his grip on the door-knob of the White House. The way of the whisky transgressor is getting to be decidedly hard.

THE DEMOCRATIC brethren at Washington do not dwell together in unity on the Speaker's question. Indeed, it may be said that they fall out, and chide, and fight. They tell bad stories about each other. The Randallites say that Kerr is an infatuated man, and the Kerrites retort by saying that Randall is a salary-grabber. And little Cox is wiggling hard, after his foxy manner, to squeeze in between his big brothers. And Saylor looks on smiling, hoping that something may turn up, so that he can find a soothing poultice for his sore thumb and a soft thing for himself. To-morrow they propose to hold their caucus, and then we shall see which way the Democratic cat will jump.

THE Hunt-street swamp was complimented yesterday by about seven shovels full of dirt and two wheelbarrow loads of stone, put in the wrong place; and now our Street Commissioner and guardian Councilmen will consider that highway passable for droves of hogs. That is all that can be said of it. And even now the drovers have to wade in and pull their struggling swine out of the mud and mire. It is a beautiful commentary on a city government run by a street railroad ring.

THE insurrection among the Turkish provinces in Europe continues to increase in strength and violence. A whole detached garrison of the Turkish army has been captured. The accounts show unmitigated barbarism in the conduct of the war, on both sides. It is plain that European intervention in some form must soon occur in defense of common humanity. And if once begun, even upon that ground, it will not be likely to end there. The great drama is but just opening.

The German Press.

[From the Volksfreund.]

RETRENCHMENT.

The Special Committee appointed by the Council Committee on Retrenchment, to report about the different departments and possible retrenchment in them, has been on the whole very assiduous, and in the last meeting has recommended important retrenchments, which we published yesterday. The recommendations which Mr. Hele made in regard to the matter of light, were very sensible, and we are glad that by the proposition made formerly to impose a special tax for lighting the city has become unnecessary. We some time ago stated that we regarded the amendment of a special tax for this purpose as unlawful, although the City Auditor is of a different opinion. The matter, however, has been settled judicially in this, that the Board of Aldermen indefinitely laid over the ordinance relative to it. Moreover, the recommendation is to be praised by the number of policemen is not to be diminished; but, instead, their salaries to be reduced slightly, and the number of officers and their salaries to be reduced. We are convinced that three hundred policemen are barely sufficient for Cincinnati, with our present extended boundaries, to protect the citizens in person and property. We also have nothing against the reduction of different city officials. The most singular report was that of Mr. Durr in relation to the Board of City Improvements. Mr. Durr undoubtedly means well, and desires to make reductions in this department, but he seems not to have mastered the matter, and consequently was unable to recommend anything positive; perhaps he will yet succeed in finding the right thing.

Ep. STAR: In your yesterday's editorial notice of the very peculiar correspondence between the two Mayors, whom you appropriately style the "two Dromios," on the opening of telegraphic communication between the city and the suburbs of Avondale, you most justly remark that Dromio "Bob" has volunteered the transfer of something that he don't own. And though acting as our Mayor, "after a fashion," it had better be understood that Avondale does not belong to him. And however ardently he may desire to mingle among the congenial spirits of the city's "rings," the citizens of Avondale have no such ambition. At our last test of the question of annexation the vote was two to one against it. We are perfectly satisfied with the government of our Village Council, which is composed of men of property and integrity. We know that whatever money is appropriated for our village improvements and current expenses will be faithfully and judiciously applied. Our healthy and beautiful village is not a wholesome place for hummers and "ringworms." And if our "Dromio" must figure in a "Comedy of Errors," let him annex himself to the city without delay—let him stand upon the order of his going, but go at once!" but he can't take Avondale with him.

A careful housewife in Altoona, Pa., put an \$18 order and a \$10 greenback into the drawer of the coffee mill last Wednesday for safe keeping. Thursday morning the family enjoyed a \$28 cup of coffee.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean becomes audacious, and says: The Cincinnati Commercial had better change the heading of one of its columns from "Personal" to "Fortius and Steadfast."

FOREIGN LETTER.

Ascent of Mount Vesuvius—Naples and the Neapolitans—How the Dead are Buried—Rome and the Romans.

The following interesting letter is from a prominent Cincinnati now traveling abroad: Special Correspondence of the Star.

NAPLES, Nov. 10, 1875.

One's patience is taxed all the time with a certain class of people that infest all Italian cities—a class of Cheap-John peddlers that in Venice want to sell you in Mosales, and at Rome want to cut you in shell and stone cameo; but in Naples they are the most persistent and enterprising. There they will sell you in corals, shells and canes, and if the terms don't suit you they will throw in Mount Vesuvius and take less than half, and still cheat you in good style at the end. Naples as a city has few attractions.

It is, however, very beautifully situated on the Bay and has some beautiful valleys on the rising hills back of the city, commanding a fine view of the Bay and Island Capri Ischia, and to the left Mount Vesuvius, the great lion of Naples. There is a very fine museum, with a great many rare and wonderful things taken from Pompeii. And a remarkably fine aquarium, with a collection strictly Mediterranean, and is said to be one of the best and most complete of its kind in the world. Of the three hundred churches there are but few that are worth visiting, only to encounter a mob of professional beggars, guides, &c., &c. Pompeii, with its many temples, theaters, dwellings, stores and shops, is of far greater interest, without a living soul of the once proud and beautiful city to relate its past glory and history. Only the patient laborers, as they uncover, day after day, their slow mode of excavations by carrying off in baskets on their heads the great quantities of sand and ashes that were snowed down from Mount Vesuvius in A. D. 79.

At Pompeii we engaged guide and horses to make the ascent to the base of the cone of Mount Vesuvius, and from there about two hours a red and patient climbing and slipping back, which, by the way, don't count upon much in ascending. We finally arrived at the mouth of the crater, which, by the way, is rather a large mountain crater. It is supposed to be over a third of a mile across from side to side. The bottom can be seen some times for a few seconds. Though the crater is a smoke and sulphur no flames are visible, but it is not enough to light a cigar by holding it on lava, or to cook eggs. Its a sight rare, terrible and grand, and one does not feel altogether at ease, and the old saying is "where there is so much smoke there is some fire," and it might kindle up rather suddenly. The mountain is very badly torn up and each eruption has raised its altitude of volcanic matter and as left a craggy and exposed looking crater. The crater of '79 and '83 have cooled off and are apparently at rest; but those of '71 and '72 are not yet cooled down to a quiescent state of ease and comfort to the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity on account of many signs and evidences of an eruption not far off.

Not feeling satisfied with my first ascent from Pompeii, I took a rest one day and made the second ascent from Anagnino on horseback to the observatory, and with a friend (and guide) made the summit in about an hour and three quarters, and had an excellent view of the crater—cooked eggs, and all the sulphur I ever ate about smoking, it is a bad cigar on the hot lava, and started down with the loose sand and scorching, slipping and sliding like a scoundrel coasting. We remained the base in 15 minutes, railroad time. And now I think after all that, and what any one should be satisfied with old Vesuvius.

Among the other features and unpleasant things to come in contact with at Naples, outside of its catmen, beggars and thieves, is its public bawling vaults, covering a space of more than an acre, with high, forbidding-looking walls and deep stone vaults, numbering 363—a vault for the dead and an unfortunate poor every day in the year. A stone about two feet square, with a ring attached, is raised up from the pavement with a portable iron windlass—the only aperture to the vault; the corpse is then placed in a fixed coffin or box for the purpose. A coffin is attached to the head of the box and raised with a winding rope. Verily, a most disgusting and unwholesome mode of a trap-door-bound were the poor committed to the dark chamber of horrors, with scarcely any clothing and still less feeling, and there to remain one year to rot, with the aid of time, and then the ashes and bones are taken to a common receptacle for all.

ROME, Nov. 13th.

Since writing I have returned to Rome and have left Naples with few regrets. I was compelled to change my programme in consequence of the lateness of the season and one traveling companion being able to get up the Dante in the winter time from Constantinople to Vienna. So I will not take the risk of being made a Turk tale winter.

My route from here will be to Sienna, Florence and Venice again, and take a steamer for Trieste and train for Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin and Hanover, and then down to Paris, London, Liverpool, and home to Cincinnati, if life and health, wind and tide, be favorable. I hope to see you in February. I have written so much more than I expected to write that I had better hasten time now space to say anything about the Memorial City—only that I am agreeably disappointed, and that Rome is indeed a place where a chuck full of signs of interest.

JUVENILE MAGAZINES.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

The number which finishes the ninth year of this popular Monthly, and the last we are to receive, as we are informed by the proprietors, has the concluding chapters of Oliver Optic's Story, "Going West; or, The Perils of a Poor Boy," the conclusion of Elijah Kellogg's Story, "Brought to the Front; or, The Young Detectives," with the winding-up of Elizabeth Dudley's Story, "Nature's Scholar." In addition to these, are Stories "About Handling Guns," by C. A. Stephens; "The Hair of Liane," by Roha; "Waiting upon Sue," by Penn Smith; "Prince Bismarck," by Mary Grant; "Chase," by Jennie's Successor; and "Lionel's Story," and two pretty stories by young writers.

There are besides a number of pretty poems, and an original dialogue entitled "The Storm." The entire number is handsomely illustrated. This issue is fully equal to any number yet published, and will receive particular attention from the fact that with it the publication of Oliver Optic's Magazine will be suspended for the present. Price, twenty-five cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

THE WIDE AWAKE

for December even surpasses its predecessor.

cessors in pictorial excellence and splendid stories. Besides the serials, the miscellaneous articles number twenty-two, including six Thanksgiving stories, and sketches, and poems, for the young people of all ages, not including the attractions of the Magic Carpet and the other departments. It is hard to say which of the stories should be especially designated, but all will agree that Sophie May's delightfully original sketch, "Kim's Last Whipping," with the tulip-page illustration, was the very one to open this number with. "Silver Looks and the Bears," with its six illustrations, is simply irresistible as far as the little folks are concerned. "Tim's Partner," by Amanda Douglas, and "Five Pounds of Cinnamon," by Holmes Maxwell, must divide their honors with "Franklin's Courtship and Marriage," by Rev. J. Chaplin, and "Bird's Nest Song," by Ella K. Church.

For the rest, let the young Wide Awakes see for themselves.

REMARKABLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A Hair-breadth Escape From a Disaster—A Hair-breadth Conduct of a Switch.

The Dayton Democrat of Saturday has the following account of the very queerest of railway accidents: It happened on the C. & P. E. and the House of Representatives. The Company has been grading a good deal at the Summit this year, cutting down the track on one side about fifteen feet at the deepest part. At this time the day-trains kept the old or high track, so that the dirt-train may not be interfered with in the cut.

During the night the dirt train is set upon the high track, and the night trains over the road are run through the cut. Night before last came in John McChesney's train from the West—five coaches and two baggage cars. Of course they would run through the cut, which was approached at a twenty-five-mile rate. Crawford was driving the train. The switch was set right and the locomotive tumbled into the cut. In an instant the engineer heard the alarm bell ring, and whistled down brakes. Looking back to see what was up, he could see no train. The next thought was that the brakes might not respond promptly—it was down grade, and the coaches might come down upon him. He did not stop to think, but started ahead to keep out of the way. As he did so he was amazed to see the coaches on the upper track, some fifteen feet above him, clanging on the dirt train standing on the track a little way ahead.

John M. Chesney was wide awake at the "down brake" whistle. The train men rushed to their places and turned down with all their might. The train was heavy and glided on with immense force, John knew. The train on this road being banded with air brakes, the air brakes are not always so effectively worked as when in constant use. But the boys handled them well, but couldn't stop in time to keep off the dirt train. They were feared that the collision might shatter the train, and perhaps pitch the whole concern into the deep cut below. But it was more fortunate. The forward baggage car struck the rear dirt car, and being set higher up passed along up, clanging up things until the trucks met. Then the train stopped.

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At last I determined that I would

elope with Susan (that was her name); I would bear her away in triumph at most before the old man's eyes. Wouldn't he be lost at the mouth then, and he could kick at the wall if he were his boots off if he wanted to; I wouldn't care, for we (the lovely Susan and I) would be far away. Well, in the course of the week I had made all my arrangements, and communicated them to Susan by letter and she had answered me back with the prettiest little note. I was rather astonished, for I didn't think she could write so well. As the appointed time drew near I did grow a little nervous and had bad dreams about the whole thing, and the snoring of my wounds, although nearly healed, reminded me of past transactions.

Susan's room was in the third story story back, but a series of sheds and outbuildings made descent easy until within a few feet of the ground; this difficulty was surmounted by bringing the cook to leave the step-ladder out and to loan me the key to the back gate. We were to proceed through the alley to the street where a carriage would be in waiting. I anticipated no little difficulty, for Susan was by no means scrupulous in her dimensions, weighing somewhere near two hundred pounds, and I knew that fainting damsels have nearly always to be carried when they elope. The time fixed was 12 o'clock, and before proceeding I encouraged myself with several glasses of wine.

The key turned easily in the back gate, but it was dark, a fit night for a dark deed, but too dark for comfort, and I entered the yard boldly I fell over the step-ladder, which splashed ominously, and I passed on the odor of detestable vegetables and soap grease clogging tenacious to my new broadcloth. I waited at the foot of the ladder for nearly an hour; at last I heard a voice, which sounded a little strange, call in a hoarse whisper, "Josiah!" "Here I am, Susan," I cry in ecstasy. She comes slowly and ponderously. At the foot of the ladder I catch her and half carry her along. It is fear which retards her movement, and I use all my strength to get her to the carriage, dragging and pulling her over the stony pavement, glancing at intervals cautiously behind me.

No pursuit is made; we gain the carriage; I cry all right; the driver cracks his whip; we are off. I attempt to remove Susan's veil, but she resists, and half crying, whimpers "let me alone." She is frightened, poor thing, and I reassure her feelings. She snuggles in my arms, and soon she sleeps as do many more, who ever thought Susan would snore? No more sleep of mine for me; if I had but known it—but it is no use now; I can't take her back. Just at daylight we reach the village and the country paragonage, where we are to be made safe. I awake Susan and endeavor to lift her out of the carriage, but she is almost knocking me over, but she reaches terra firma at last. She removes her veil? Am I dreaming? Has Susan grown such a beard? Alas, it is not Susan, but 'tis Susan's father! He gazes at me with a properly awed expression, and says, "Young man, pay that hackman!" "Tremblingly comply," I do not hesitate, for I see a number ten boot raised threateningly, but go at once.

I don't know how Susan's father discovered my plot; I never inquired. I am still fancy free, and give an girl with papers who have big teeth a wide berth—[Sunday Telegram.]

The Oldest Bible Manuscripts.

The two most ancient manuscripts of the Bible known are the Codex Sinaiticus of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and the Codex Vaticanus of the Vatican Library at Rome, both of which are believed to have been written about the middle of the fourth century A. D. The Sinaiticus, so called because it was obtained (in 1859) from the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, is supposed by Tischendorf, its discoverer, to be one of the fifty copies of the Septuagint which the Emperor Constantine directed to be made for Byzantium, in the year 331, under the care of Eusebius of Caesarea. It consists of 34½ leaves of very fine vellum, made either from the skins of antelopes or of asses, each leaf being 14½ inches high by 10½ inches wide. Each leaf is written in the Vatican manuscript is not known, but it appears in the first catalogue of the Vatican Library in 1475. It is a quarto volume, containing 146 leaves of one thin vellum, each 10½ inches high and 10 broad. Both manuscripts are written in Greek uncial or capital letters, are without spaces between the words, and have no marks of punctuation.

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Time is money, but health is happiness. If you have a bad cold or cough, use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, it will cure you. Price 25 cents.

THE WEEKLY SUN.

1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which the Republic of the United States was first placed under the stars and stripes of the first flag of the war, will be in power at Washington and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully & freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN.

The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by the corruptness of the late administration, and will, it is to be hoped, in the foundation for a new and better period in our national history. Of all this THE SUN will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon these absorbing topics.

The weekly third Presidential election, with the country divided for it, will be memorable as deciding upon Grant's aspirations for a third term of power and plume, and still more as deciding upon the best candidate of the party Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, which we read THE SUN will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed, and always at hand, from a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make THE WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world, and we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and information, for which we are not able to find room in our daily edition. The agricultural department, especially is one of our prominent features. The fashions are also regularly reported in the columns; and so are the prices of every kind.

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN.

Depot, Fifth and Bowditch. Time, 7 minutes fast.

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